Comedies of the Hoosier Capital—IV. At a Children's Party

THERE is no social undertaking in all the world that is so hard to make successful as a party for children. This is due to the fact that the youngsters are still in the animal stage of existence and are too natural and unaffected to conceal their likes and dislikes. Think what a social function among adults would be if the participants in it were absolutely honest in all they might say and do! It is true that a great many pampered children, who are ever the center of attraction in their respective family circles, display marvelous skill in imitating their elders, but although these innocents may be fond of "pretending," there is precious little of the artificial about them, after all, when it comes to a "show down."

With the jolly Christmas holidays as an inspiration, this is the time of the year for children's parties, and many a loving mother, believing that an afternoon party for her little ones will afford them joyous entertainment and at the same time pay off many of her own social debts to the mothers of the little invited guests, finds, when the function is in progress, that she has undertaken a tremendous task, and feels pretty much as Penelope must have felt when she deliberately opened the magic box that set free the unmanageable company of troublesome little fairies.

A children's party was given recently in the northern section of the city, the hostess being a very charming and quite wealthy little woman who wished to provide a holiday celebration for her two adorable little girls. It was necessary to give the party several weeks before Christmas as the family is to spend Christmas and New Year's day in another city. So, in utter ignorance of the ordeal before her, this fond mamma issued two hundred invitations for a party to two hundred "desirable children" belonging to parents whose social standing was "assured." Although her darling little Mary Jane, just six years old, and her winsome little Tabitha Ann, going on eight, (are their names not deliciously old-fashioned and, therefore, paradoxically up to date?) much preferred some of the neighborhood children as playmates, and although she herself (the fond mamma) had a tender spot in her heart for these boisterous youngsters, she could not take upon herself the liberty to introduce such little nobodies to the offsprings of mighty parents.

The afternoon of the great event came at last. The huge down-stairs rooms of the handsome house were beautifully decorated with holly and mistletoe and garlands of bay and laurel. No expense had been spared, so far as the refreshments were concerned, and a "mistress of games" (a teacher from a near-by kindergarten) had been engaged to assist the hostess in entertaining the little guests. At 3 o'clock the first carriage rolled up to the door and out of it came a spic-and-span maid leading by their little hands two tiny boys who were so bundled up that they resembled two bolts of velvet. The young gentlemen toddled up to the front door on fat, unsteady legs and were given a dignified salutation by an important colored butler, who sent them on their way upstairs to a room where a stately lady of color unwound them from their outer wraps. They soon appeared in the front parlor down stairs, and both proceeded to hide behind the maid who had accompanied them, their curly heads buried in her skirts. No coaxing could persuade them to pay any attention whatever to the hostess and her two little girls who were so desirous of making them have a good time.

The hostess was beginning to feel somewhat perplexed as to what course to pursue with these bashful guests when, fortunately, more children began to arrive, and soon the small guests were fairly pouring in through the big arched doorway—some with nurses, some with mothers and some alone, but all of them dressed in their very best and all of them looking very unhappy except a few who attempted to hide their embarrassment by affecting a rude boldness which their mothers would have wept to see.

When about fifty children had assembled, the kindergarten teacher announced that there would be a game. "What is it to be?" she cried, in a tone meant to excite their enthusiasm. A fearful silence reigned for a moment or two, and then one ruddy-cheeked chap who had been pulling the hair of all the little girls and kicking the shins of all the little boys, roared out at the top of his voice:

"We don't want to play no games! You get out, you funny old lady!"

This speech brought down the house. It was greeted with a storm of approval. The little girls snickered, the little boys fell against each other in tumultuous guffaws, and the comedian who had just scored a hit followed up this one brilliant achievement by turning a "cartwheel," thus proving that he was not only a monologuist but an acrobat as well.

"You mustn't be rude," said the hostess gently, although her heart was already beginning to fail her. "Now let me choose a game, children. I suggest that we play 'London Bridge;'" and she clapped her hands encouragingly.

"Oh, shoot!" yelled out two or three boys together. "'London Bridge' is a chestnut." And the little girls tossed their heads and said "'London Bridge,' indeed!"

It was by this time very noticeable that all of the children had drawn away from the "mistress of games," the hostess and her two little girls who were "giving the party." It was apparent that the guests regarded the would-be entertainers as a hostile army and had decided instinctively that, come what may, they would stand together and not allow flattery or entreaty to win them over to the enemy. Three little girls, whose parents were very intimate and very exclusive, withdrew to a big bow window, and, settling themselves on the window seat, held the lace curtains before them to show all of the other guests that this tete-a-tete must not be interrupted. During the entire afternoon they held this fort successfully and frustrated

all attempts of the opposing forces to rout them. They turned up their noses at everything that was said, unless it chanced to be a saucy answer that momentarily floored the hostess, when they laughed gleefully; they criticised in audible tones the dresses of the other little girls; they discussed the hostess herself and her reasons for giving the party, and they made themselves so thoroughly disagreeable to everybody present that the poor hostess finally gave them up, hoping to revenge herself by slighting them somewhat at refreshment time.

All of the expected guests had now arrived except Mrs. Z.'s little boy, and the hostess was wondering why this young gentleman had not put in an appearance. He was to be the real guest of honor—was Mrs. Z.'s little boy. His parents—very wealthy people—were extremely careful as to the children who played with their darling, and it was rare, indeed, that the little

dear was permitted to go to any party. But Mrs. Z. had sent word that Little Sweetheart, as she called him, would attend this particular juvenile function. Little Sweetheart is an only child and is never out of sight of his French nurse, it may be remarked parenthetically, and it was really a great honor, the hostess thought, to have the prince-like youngster at the party.

The hostess had just about concluded that this important guest was not coming after all, when suddenly he appeared. He was dressed in a white velvet Russian blouse, although he seemed a trifle too big for such a costume. Instead of the trousers usually worn with these blouses, dainty, lace-trimmed skirts were visible under the white velvet. His mamma, it seemed, could not bring herself to recognize the fact that he was no longer a baby, but a sturdy little man of six. He was quite handsome, but, unlike the other boys present, his brown hair hung in long curls over his shoulders. He was followed by the stiff French maid, who was always to be seen with him.

Without a word Little Sweetheart stalked noisily to the center of the room. He took up a position of vantage, his little fists doubled up tightly and his brown eyes flashing angrily.

"I can lick every kid in the house!" he shouted. "Just come on—any of you!"

Such a scattering of fat and skinny legs has, perhaps, never been seen before. The room was almost deserted in an instant.

When this belligerent gentleman had become fully assured that he could not engage anybody present in combat he allowed himself to be coaxed off to another room to play "Ring-around-a-rosy," for the mistress of games had finally succeeded in getting a dozen children interested in this pastime and had also managed to inveigle several others into a game of "Drop-the-handkerchief." In the front parlor conditions remained the same as ever. The hostess had found it utterly impossible to superintend amusements in this room, as the opposing army of imps still held full sway.

For five minutes after the games had been started in the adjoining apartment all was quiet in the hostile camp. And then suddenly there was a tremendous uproar. Shrill screams came from the little girls; shouts of intermingled rage and delight came from the little boys, and upon rushing breathlessly into the room the hostess beheld a sight that struck terror to her heart. A cruel war had broken out, and a terrific pillow fight was raging. Chairs—dainty, frail chairs—were being upset; tables—costly articles of furniture—were being turned over, and pillows—delicate and expensive things—were filling the air. Twenty little boys and girls were smashing and banging and whacking each other over the head with the cushions.

It seemed almost impossible to break up the battle. The hostess begged and beseeched in vain. When she would succeed in quelling the on slaught in one corner of the room the fight would begin to break forth with additional fury in another corner. It was not until the butler and all the nurses present, assisted by the hostess and the mistress of games, had secured the pillows by force and hidden them up stairs that peace again reigned, and even then a small warrior with a huge red pillow, popped forth from behind a door, where he had been concealed, and, beaming with triumph, gave the stiff French maid a whack on the back with his weapon.

This was too much. The hostess felt that a desperate move of some kind was absolutely necessary. And so refreshments were served without more delay—a half hour before the time set for this feature of the afternoon. "Let's feed them and get 'em home before the roof is torn from over our heads," groaned the mother of Mary Jane and Tabitha Ann.

Little tables were brought out. Crimson candles and holly wreaths graced the center of them, and there was a little basket of bonbons for every child. With a whoop of joy the children scrambled up to the places arranged for them—that is, all of the children except the three little girls in the bow window, who sat perfectly still, viewing the scene before them with withering contempt.

"Are you not coming?" inquired the hostess, and she could hardly be blamed if her voice was somewhat icy.

The three young ladies tossed their heads. "Oh, we don't care for any of the refreshments," answered the middle one in a snippy little voice.

"Why, my dears, don't you like ice cream?" asked the hostess, trying to be good-humored.

"Oh, no," said the two end ones; "ice cream, indeed!"

"Have you any chicken salad?" the queen in the middle deigned to inquire.

"Or sweet-bread patties?" demanded the one on the right.

"Or any thanwiches?" lisped the one on her left.

"Goodness, no!" exclaimed the poor hostess. "But do come and have some candy."

The three graces shook their heads violently. "I think mamma will soon be here with the carriage," said the one in the middle. "I do hope she'll come very soon." And the two end ones fell to giggling hysterically.

In her own heart the hostess called upon a kind heaven to witness her vow—that those slighted little nobodies of the neighborhood—Willie O'Brien, Ikey Cohenstein, Sallie Morgan and company—should be invited to the next juvenile party given in that house! They, at least, would have a good time, and be thankful for it.

There is only one more incident to record—the conversation that took place over and over again when the party broke up and the fond mammas came after their little dears.

"So good of you to entertain the darlings," the fond mammas would say to the hostess. "It must have been a hard thing to do."

"It was a delight," the hostess would say to the fond mammas. "What little angels they are, anyway! They must come again some time."

But when? LOUIS W. JONES.

The Other Woman's Nephew

A Study of Childhood That People with Theories Concerning Little Folks Should Not Fail to Read.

By F. FOX.

THE boy was the other woman's nephew. The other woman's sister, the boy's mother, was away; likewise his father; likewise the only other member of the boy's immediate family, a very, very new baby, yet limited to long clothes and short names. "Baby," "Toots" and "Dear" were its sole recognized cognomens—cognomens that not so very long ago had been the boy's. The little new life had alread been chartered for life's journey under the name of John Henry Harold Willibert, and the boy thought that diminutives that had nothing to do with John Henry Harold Willibert were foolish. Besides, if it hadn't been for John Henry Harold, the boy would have been taken along with his father and mother and not now be sitting on the top step of the marble flight that led up to the big front door of his aunt's home.

The boy was lonely and sullen. He was not a very big boy, being only newly arrived at the reefer and middy-cap age, and he was as unhappy as a child, midway between a baby and a boy, can become. He was lonely and sullen and silent because he was in disgrace, and he was in disgrace strictly in opposition to his promise and every intention to be a good boy. There are crises when it is hard enough to be good in the bosom of one's own family where every surrounding conduces to angelic behavior, but it is many times harder with one's own atmosphere several miles removed and one's immediate surroundings what might be termed passively aggressive; that is to say, in the dominion of a large house of many servants and of an aunt beautiful to look at, an aunt who is highly interested in clubs, who understands clubs, but not little boys—what is more, doesn't wish to understand little boys or she would not be always rubbing them the wrong way of their feelings.

The boy sat sulkily huddled on the step as the woman came up. The woman whose nephew he was was not at home; this was evident, for the boy's face was dirty, his reefer battle-skewed, his demeanor sulkily aggressive. And the woman, as she looked down upon him, though she had come to call, silently shook out her pretty brown skirts and sat down on the steps beside the boy.

She diplomatically scrutinized the red faces of the brick houses across the way.

"What's the matter, Harold?" she asked casually.

"Nuffin'," answered the boy.

"Has Bertie Watkins stolen your agates?" asked the woman, "or has pussy Tomkins eaten up the canary again, or Aunt Josephine forbidden candy?" For she thought from the boy's appearance that he might have been driven to naughtiness of the street by way of a slighting of his independence.

The boy turned his face up to hers and wrinkled his little pug nose. "Aw," he said sarcastically, for he was very miserable, "you're cold, you're very cold; you're most freezing."

The woman had known the boy since the day of his advent into the world, and next to his mother she thought quite possibly she understood his eccentricities better than any other living person. So she didn't remove her pretty brown eyes from the brick houses across the way, but gently straightened the boy in his reefer, and incidentally held his hand afterwards. Someway, the boy felt his aggressiveness melting out of the hard lump in the region of his left reefer pocket and sliding softly downward through his pudgy person till it reached his stout boots, and by that time he had forgotten all about it. He began to talk.

"Aunt Josephine," he volunteered, "she's gone to the club at Mrs. Brown-Jones's. She left me with Tilly."

"By this time he was becoming reconciled to a vocalization of his troubles, and went on animatedly: "I slapped Tilly yesterday. Tilly wets my hair when she's brushin' it, and mamma don't 'low my hair to be wet, 'cause it makes my throat sore. Aunt Josephine said I couldn't go out while she was gone, because I was a naughty boy and wouldn't say I was sorry. She said I couldn't go out"—he looked at the woman reflectively—"but I could. Tilly says she ain't goin' to boss no sassy boy like me; she says—"

"But you shouldn't have come out, Harold," said the woman reprovingly. "When Aunt Josephine comes she'll scold—"

"Aw, she won't, neither," broke in the boy, impatiently. Evidently the woman didn't know Aunt Josephine. "Aunt Josephine don't never scold. She just grits her teeth and smiles. She don't approve of scolding, Aunt Josephine don't. She just shuts up tight and talks."

The boy shuddered here, as though the process was not a pleasant one. "Mamma don't smile," he added. "She just shakes and shakes me good, and scolds and scolds; then by and by she gets sorry and comes back and says she shouldn't have."

The boy looked forlornly at the woman; he hadn't intended to mention his mother, because his chin always got shaky, but the woman looked, unaccountably, as though she understood, for she nodded her head sagely and squeezed his hand.

"Aunt Josephine thinks its wrong to scold little boys," she said.

"I don't, then," said the boy stoutly; "'n I'd rather they'd shake 'n smack. Aunt Josephine tells me all why I mustn't, an' I feel just 'xactly like I must—right off."

The woman looked disapprovingly at the brick house across the street; but unfortunately she understood. Aunt Josephine's theories were correct, shiningly, icily correct; but in the application of them there was the king-bolt missing which is spelled 'understanding' and nutted on with sympathy. Aunt Josephine often had cause to wonder at the poor results that followed the application of her excellent theories.

The boy looked down at his dusty reefer. "I didn't mean to," he said, "honest, but she'll say at tea to-night that I did. 'N she'll say," he went on, "that she'll be obliged to write to mamma that I didn't—I didn't—. Do you know," he asked, reflectively, looking at the woman wonderingly, "if Aunt Josephine would tell me that I had to do the things that I mustn't, why, I believe I wouldn't want to. I believe I'd be good all the time." He emphasized the "all" pathetically. "An' when I smashed the cracker jar, 'n lit my gas-ball, 'n talked back to Tilly," he went on, piling up the shortcomings of the afternoon without perceptible contrition, "'n when Tilly said she wasn't going to boss no sassy boy like me, I went over to play with Bobby Jones, 'n we played polo, 'n when Bobby cheated I smashed him on the legs where his guards weren't."

The cracker jar was what lay heaviest on the boy's conscience. "It was the one with the blue daisies on it," he supplemented. "It wasn't half so pretty as the yellow one, but Aunt Josephine, when she knows it, 'll say it was the best one she had. She always does. Aunt Josephine, when she breaks anything," he went on, "she says 'It's too bad,' 'n' when I do she says I did it on purpose. I wish Aunt Josephine would just shake and then forget all about it, the way mamma does."

The boy's chin was trembling and his eyes swam with an outer moisture he was ashamed to wipe away.

"Harold," suddenly asked the woman, as though she had been wondering for some time; "did Bertie Watkins get the bicycle? You know, that one he wanted for his birthday."

The boy snapped his lids together sharply till the moisture showed only very bright eyes. "Didn't he, though?" he exclaimed. "Well, I guess yes. An' its got rat-traps, too, and a cyclometer, you bet. 'N' papa said I could have one, too, when I'm eight." He bounced round on the step. "'N' I'll be eight in just two teeny-weeny years."

He unaccountably so far forget himself here as to squeeze the hand nearest the woman that clutched his own, and she looked at the brick buildings and squeezed back. He looked down on the boy's tricycle that stood at the bottom of the steps; it belonged to the boy next door, and he looked upon it contemptuously, though before the woman came he had been tormenting the other boy by riding it without his consent.

"'N I can ride Billy Wilson's right now," he went on proudly. "If I do have to stick my leg through the frame, I can ride it all the samey. I'll tell you what," he whispered confidentially, "I'm going to tease mamma to tell papa that I ought to have it when I'm seven. I most always can when I don't eat anything for a while. Mamma tells papa that she thinks I'm delicate and ought to be humored." He squirmed his face in inward delight. "An' I betcher I get it," he added.

"Why-y-y, Harold," reproved the woman, though she was obliged to look down the street that she might smile unobserved. But as she looked she forgot to smile; up the street was coming a carriage drawn by a handsome pair of high-stepping sorrels. She turned to the boy.

"Harold," she said hastily, "you run on in and get Tilly to tidy you up, there's a dear. Here comes Aunt Josephine. And Harold," she added, "try and be a good boy, and I'm pretty sure Aunt Josephine won't scold about—about the things."

The boy slipped in through the big doors noiselessly. He, too, had seen the shiny carriage and the high-stepping sorrels, and he had realized poignantly the skewed reefer and his outward unproximity to godliness.

As the neat little carriage drew up at the curb and the man on the box stepped down and handed out the fine-looking woman within, the woman at the top of the flight was just turning round from the doorbell. The fine-looking woman smiled as she mounted the steps and and grasped the small gloved hand of the woman warmly.

"Come in, Caroline," she said, and swung open the big doors herself.

She was led into a big, richly-furnished room, coldly, rigidly correct, and the visitor sat down to polite platitudes. Gradually she maneuvered until she brought up the subject of Harold. The face of the fine-looking woman chilled outwardly from within.

"I don't understand the child, Caroline," she said, "I don't understand him. You know mind culture is the ground work of our Tuesday meeting, as applied to children in particular—I organized it myself, but as for Harold, the child is beyond me. And yet," she added, "Eva seems to find no real difficulty with him. I have reproved her several times for losing her temper with him, but really, there seems to be some excuse." She drew her light gloves off thoughfully, firmly.

"Do you know, Josephine," suggested the other, "if I were you, and found him so—so set in his ways; if I were you I would be inclined to humor him."

The other frowned coldly. "I don't approve of humoring children," she said. "It means simply a deferring of trouble, an emphasized friction in the future, when it comes to more important matters. I—I distinctly decline to humor Harold." The speaker's jaws were very squarely set together, and she smoothed the light gloves out neatly upon her knee. It was with a sigh of relief that she drew forth a small volume and, opening it, took therefrom a letter. "But I am—I may say that I am heartily glad, Caroline," she added, "that Eva and Howard are back."

"What!" said the visitor, an expression of distinct relief flitting across her face.

The other may have intended saying something further; her face was turned towards the woman confidentially, but just at that instant the portieres behind her were wildly agitated. A small boy with a shiny clean face and a brushed reefer shot into the room, from the neutrally audible regions of the hall, across the room, and straight into the stately lap of his surprised aunt. "Mamma?" he gasped. "Mamma?"

"Harold!" reproved his aunt. "Yes, dear, she is at home. I am to take you over at once."

"Whoop!" shouted the small boy. He wasn't to be squelched with dignity. Instead he thrust his two clean, dimpled hands around in the chiffon ruff and raised his sweet baby lips to press them against her cheek in a moist kiss; he knew too much to offer Aunt Josephine even a clean, just washed kiss on her lips; Aunt Josephine was theoretically opposed to lip kissing.

"Whoop!" Then he looked contritely over at the other woman. "Aunt Josephine," he said slowly, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm awful sorry I was naughty. I'm goin' to tell mama I'm awful sorry, an' I guess she'll slap me—hard."

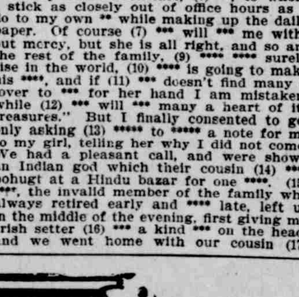
He breathed deeply. He felt square with the cracker jar, with the gas ball, with the injured feelings of Tilly—with everything. He heaved a far-reaching sigh of relief, for the weight of a disapproving conscience was removed from the heart of the boy, and he beamed upon his aunt with a cherubic beauty of countenance that made that lady suddenly bend, and, brushing his hair carefully back, kiss him precisely upon the beginning of its part.

Sphinx Lore

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Me.]

795.—HOLIDAY ACROSTIC.



The initials of the outside objects describe what is represented in the central picture.
C. B. L.

796.—TERMINAL ELISION.

Do not talke about Thanksgiving
And the glorious pumpkin pie,
For the time of joy in living
Is when Chrisimas day is nigh.

Hearts are light, and purses lighter
Than they were a week ago;
Even holly leaves seem brighter
For the pricks they can bestow!

Tommy Atkins in the far TWO
Eats his stale bread like a man;
There's a pudding in the rear view,
Boiling in a rusty can.

ONE are spread, but deeper feeling
Stirs the hearts of rich and poor,
Just as when the shepherds, kneeling,
Watched the Star in days of yore.

* * * * * * *

Here's a toast to each Jack Horner;
May a spoon relieve your thumbs;
May you have a warm, snug corner,
And a pie just full of plums!

SAXON.

797.—BOYS AND GIRLS.

(The pair of words is alike, the first being a boy's or a girl's name.)

My friend said, "Come, (1) ***, we will *** our best clothes and call on my friend (2) * *, whom I have not seen since last ***. I hear that the brother (3) *** is making quite a success *** music teacher, and the name of their brother (4) **** appears on the **** of the new opera just coming out. The sister (5) ***** is a girl of beauty and *****." I replied, "Well, (6) *****, to be *****. I don't particularly care for that family, I have my own sweetheart, (7) **, to whom I stick as closely out of office hours as I do to my own ** while making up the daily paper. Of course (7) *** will *** me without mercy, but she is all right, and so are the rest of the family. (9) **** **** surely rise in the world, (10) **** is going to make his ****, and if (11) *** doesn't find many a lover to *** for her hand I am mistaken, while (12) *** will *** many a heart of its treasures." But I finally consented to go, only asking (13) ***** to ***** a note for me to my girl, telling her why I did not come. We had a pleasant call, and were shown an Indian god which their cousin (14) **** bohugt at a Hindu bazar for one ****. (15) ****, the invalid member of the family who always retired early and **** late, left us in the middle of the evening, first giving my Irish setter (16) *** a kind *** on the head, and we went home with our cousin (17) ***** and were **** ** time to share a late supper.
DOROTHEA.

798.—CHARADE.

When the silent snow has fallen and the ground is ermine white,
And the mantled earth is glowing with a scintillating light,
Heart and spirit both are cherry and all life is young with love,
And the star of hope is shining like the stars of heaven above.

There is something in the snowflake that is synonym of cheer,
Bidding faith arise triumphant, overthrowing doubt and fear;
Souls are LAST to nobler impulse and inspired to deeds of good,
And each heart, however sordid, feels the warmth of brotherhood.

So I welcome sturdy Winter as he comes with TOTAL tread,
And I meet him fair and PRIME-less, though the Summer's heat has fled;
For the message that he brings me in each snowflake from above
Is, "Be hopeful, up and doing; Life is toil, but God is love!"

PRUDENCE.

799.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A tube upon which silk is wound. 3. Money paid in addition to a stated compensation. 4. Rolls. 5. Attested. 6. The act of weighing. 7. Beating, as the heart. 8. Sextain. 9. A large net for fishing. 10. Figuratively, a wretch. 11. A letter.
T. H.

800.—ARITHMETICAL.

I stood between my brother's twain;
My brother's twin, you well might guess,
The likeness is so very plain,
And both look cross, I must confess.

Each one of them is good as ten,
But I am thin and small;
And if I stand between them, then
Their power will somewhat fall.

Nineteen we represent, we three,
When ranged in such condition;
But twenty-one, you all may see,
If I take right position.

So many another to his sphere
Contributes nought of worth or grace,
Whose value plainly would appear,
Could he but reach his proper place.

M. C. S.

801.—CITIES.

Here are some cities not found on the map.

1. A fast city. 2. A talkative city. 3. A happy city. 4. A wise city. 5. A begging city. 6. A fierce city. 7. A bold city.
E. P.

802.—DECAPITATION.

Some people think that ALL is ONE,
And others think that ONE is ALL,
And I admit ALL can be done
So that a ONE we should it call;
Yet ALL can honestly be made
Though ONE can never honest be,
So ALL need not a man degrade,
But ONE displays depravity,
And I am sure we will agree
When you have solved this mystery.
T. H.

803.—RIDDLE.

There are five gentle sisters, all obscure when alone,
Nor can they aid each other in sounding a tone;
But they have sturdy cousins, on whom they depend,
Who come to their aid and their weakness befriend.
When helped by these neighbors, with music they ring,
And laughter, or pathos, to multitudes bring.

MRS. G. W. O.

THE PRIZE SOLVING.

An attractive and very pleasing prize is to be given the sender of the best list of boy and girl names answering No. 797. The solutions are to be forwarded within one week, and in case of doubt the winner will be decided by some feature of extra merit of one of the nearest complete lists.

The prize for No. 764 was taken by Mrs. Kate Schooley, Dublin, Ind. Other excellent solutions are acknowledged from F. H. Parker to 764, 767; Mrs. Emma C. Humphreys, 755, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775; M. A. Austin, 764; J. H. B., 764; Helen Reade, 764; G. L. Clarke, 764; R. F. Hammond, 764; Ella W. Stevens, 764; C. N. Newman, 764; D. E. King, 764; L. P. Robbins, 764; Nellie Pratt, 764.

ANSWERS.

779.—"For greatest scandal waits on greatest state."

780.—L-eve-l.

781.—Parlets, prattles, splatter, platters, sprattle.

782.—Dapple, apple. 2. Spear, pear. 3. Prose, rose. 4. Wash, ash. 5. Breeds, reeds. 6. Master, aster. 7. Tweed, weed. 8. Bolder, older. 9. Soak, oak. 10. Spine, pine. 11. Scorn, corn. 12. Coats, oats. 13. Helm, elm. 14. Wholly, holly. 15. Price, rice. 16. Silly, lily. 17. Crushes rushes. 18. True, rue. 19. Osage, sage.

783.—Persevere.

784.—The alphabet.

785.—1. Spain, spin. 2. Nepal, neal. 3. Tonga, toga. 4. Berne, bene. 5. Maine, mane. 6. Somme, some. 7. Loire, lore. 8. Delft, deft.

786.—1. Boy, bay, ban, man. 2. Dan, don, doe, Joe. 3. Cup, cap, can, pan. 4. Leg, lee, tee, toe. 5. Lea, leg, log, bog. 6. Pig, fig, fix, fox. 7. Cat cot, dot, dog.

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Children's Use of Money

A Problem of Parents Discussed in a Sane and Sensible Way by Professor Wm. J. Sharer, Superintendent of Schools of Elizabeth, N. J., a Man of Much Experience with Children.

The plan which most parents follow in the giving of money to the children is to have no system at all. While it will generally be acknowledged that this is not best, yet most plans of which parents know are so cumbersome that it seems impossible for busy parents to find time to carry into practical use any plans so complicated and requiring so much time and thought.

Some parents feel that no child should be given any money at any time. This will certainly be the easiest way for parents; for if children know they will never be given any money they will not bother their parents for it. They will probably worry them, however, by their demands for other rewards just as often. It is just possible that these rewards will be harder to grant and less valuable than money as an educational factor.

Against the custom of having no method may be urged certain objections which every parent should thoughtfully consider. It tends to train a child to obtain desired money by teasing if not by dishonesty. It is apt to blunt his feelings of delicacy and give him the feeling of servility. The money being received at uncertain times is sure to be spent without careful consideration of its use or value. Under such a plan the boy has no reason for taking care of his money, as he is likely to have more at any time. As he receives it unexpectedly he has no time to make any plans or to arrive at any conclusions after deliberate judgment. There is no reason to practice self-denial, as he may have more to spend to-morrow. If he especially desires more he knows he will have a good chance to secure it by persistent teasing, if not by some worse method.

A REGULAR ALLOWANCE.

Some parents wisely insist that the better way is to make a regular allowance to each child, no matter how large or how small the allowance may be. Almost every parent does give some money to each child. This plan simply requires that it be given regularly and in a business-like way. Surely such a plan has some advantages worth considering.

By giving a regular allowance the child may be taught the right use of money, than which few things are more important for the child's future happiness. Much of the misery in this life is the result, not so much of the lack of money as of its improper and improvident use. How many never learn to live within their income! How few early realize the importance of laying aside something for the inevitable rainy day! Is not the whole pathway of life thickly strewn with the wrecks caused by not having learned the necessity of spending less than the income?

The child who knows he will have a certain allowance will soon develop such practical wisdom, forethought, economy and business judgment as will greatly surprise his parents. He will be strongly influenced to be careful of his money, as he will learn that it will not be replaced until a certain time.

Teach children the right use of money and you will have done much to make the men and the women of the future less liable to become loafers, paupers and criminals. You will have done much to teach them economy, not only of money, but of time and energy as well. You will have taught them to be thrifty and orderly in all business and prepared for adversity. If these things are true, is not the subject worthy of most careful consideration by every parent?

AN OBJECTION RAISED.

The principal objection to the giving of a regular allowance is found in the fact that children are likely to feel that they are given only that which is due them. While there is some truth in this argument, yet it may easily be met by having it understood that the allowance is dependent on such conduct as the parents have a right to expect. It may thus be used as a strong incentive to proper conduct.

Another objection which may be urged is that if the parents give regularly they lose the great pleasure which comes from the child's grateful appreciation of what he receives unexpectedly. However, this objection may be met quite easily also. At uncertain times the parent may very properly give additional money for exceptional acts worthy of praise, or for work done or for no reason whatever except the desire to show a loving consideration of the wishes of the child. There are many times when every child will be very anxious to have certain things, which could not be purchased by what could be saved from the regular allowance. If the parent approve the purchase, there is every reason for giving a child additional at such times.

Even if these objections could not so easily be met, most parents would agree that the benefits to be derived from a regular allowance are greater than the selfish gratification of the parent, who wishes to give to please himself. Surely the future welfare of the child is of greater importance than the present gratification of the parent.

Many parents who are disposed to give a regular allowance to their children have not done so for the reason that they cannot decide what would be a proper amount to give them. This is a question which parents must decide for themselves. However, it should not be forgotten that, other things being equal, the smaller the amount the better for the child. Too many children have been trained by their parents to become spendthrifts long before they have left the parental roof. The children of some parents will need more than the children of others. Five cents each week will seem more to some children than would five dollars to others. In most cases the first-mentioned amount would be far better than the larger amount; however, the age and the proper demands upon the child and other considerations must determine the amount to be allowed.

ONE PRACTICAL METHOD.

In the hope of helping those considering the matter, the writer gives the details of a plan used with his own children.

Each child was provided with a pocket-book or small bank, for the care of which each was made entirely responsible, that he might learn to guard against the results of carlessness.

On Monday evenings a certain amount of money was given to each child. The effort was made to pay promptly and systematically. Only in this way would the children learn to be regular and systematic.

Each one was required to save at least one-half of his weekly allowance. In this way it was hoped that the children might be taught habits of economy and of providing for the future.

The other one-half was entirely at the disposal of each child. This was done that he might learn to exercise judgment in the expenditure of money. The only supervision of this amount was such as was necessary to prevent it being used for what might be injurious to their health. Certain kinds of candy were the only articles which they were not allowed to buy. Six per cent. interest was paid upon all in their possession at the end of each month. This encouraged them to save a part of that which they were permitted to spend. They also thus learned quite early the meaning of interest, as well as the method of paying it.

The money saved could be exepnded only for such things as the parent approved. In this way they were taught to rely to a considerable extent upon themselves, and yet to be governed by the parents' judgment until they proved their ability to decide wisely for themselves.

In case either one wished to buy anything which required the expenditure of more money than the amount at his command the matter was brought to the attention of the parent. If the parent approved sufficient money was advanced, and a mortgage on the article was given by the child.

As the child's age increased the amount of money was increased and the responsibility of buying certain articles of clothing was thrown upon each. By the time the child reached the age of fourteen years it was found that, after consultation with the parent, it was perfectly safe to allow him to purchase many of his own clothes. Where there was any doubt about the advisability of leaving the child entirely free, the parent accompanied the child for the purpose of giving such advice as was needed. From the time they were eight years old they were permitted to buy small articles of dress, with no one to suggest what should be selected.

As the children got older it was found quite satisfactory to change slightly the method outlined above. In place of giving all the money to the children, the parent kept an account with each one. Each was credited with a certain amount weekly. Against this amount to their credit they could draw at any time, as in the previous method suggested. When the amount reached $5 it was deposited in a savings bank, and each was allowed to have entire charge of his own account.

While many would change the plan to suit their own ideas, it is believed that some such plan as the one mentioned might well be adopted by the majority of the parents.

A Lynn (Mass.) shoe factory recently made a pair of women's shoes to see how rapidly it could be done. The making required five operations, the use of forty-two machines and 100 pieces, and the shoes were ready to wear in thirteen minutes after the first machine was started.